



THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

October, 1877.

CHASTELARD.

BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

"The hours grow short. Already the white moon
Has dragged its broad, bright rays across the floor,
Till from the other wall, where first they struck,
They've come with silent steps to bathe my feet,
As I sit here and watch my last night out,
With dull, numbed brain, and senses half asleep,
Although no sleep will rest mine aching eyes.

Never to see another night !

'Tis strange.

I say the words out loudly, and they fall
Quite meaningless upon the moonlit air,
Which, even in this prison, beams as light
As in some gay-deck'd room, where even now
Sit lovers, hand in hand, and lip to lip,
In sweet low converse.

Ah, a pang came there !

Lovers I said ! That shakes me from my calm,
Bringing the thought of *her*, my love, my Queen,
For whose sweet pleasure I must shortly lie
With fast shut eyes, no more to be unclosed ;
And yet my fault was but "I loved her so."

Oh goddess! whom a man's lips having kissed,
He straight must die ; the rapture of that touch
Being all too hot, must needs burn out his life.
Tis ever thus, with such as dare to love
This white enchantress ; how should I escape
The common lot of all ?

Tis no hard thing,
That, having had the sum of human bliss,
The madd'ning, scorching, quick-consuming joy
To hold her in mine arms, and feel her breath
Warm on my face, and playing in my hair ;
To gaze my very heart into her eyes
And find she shrank not, but looked back again,
Drowning my soul in their sweet melting seas ;
To once have pressed my lips upon her neck,
Until they wedded the soft flesh so fast
They scarce could be unloosed ; and then to *die*.
Why, 'tis so natural I marvel much
That I should even faintly feel it strange.

And yet—and yet, again, our lightened souls
So heavily are fettered by this flesh
Which binds them to earth's logic, that it is
So easy to believe in more to come
When once we've tasted good ; this we are told
By wise men, and our own hearts too. So I,
Poor fool, for one mad minute, dared to hope
That I might drag down heaven to stay on earth.

Well, madness is an intermittent thing,
 And, when the frenzy past, I felt the straw,
 And hurt myself by fretting at the chain,
 And knew that I was mad to struggle so.
 Now, I am calm again. It is not well
 To waste my strength thus, I shall need it all,
 To make the ending fair, and meet her sight,
 Should she come forth. I think I see her eyes,
 Grown wide and curious, and half fearful too;
 And the red rose blanching swift upon her cheek,
 And mark a little fluttering sigh just stir
 Her kerchief, while she says "God rest his soul."
 And then, the pageant over, she goes back
 To some soft woman's work, and when she pricks
 Her little taper hand, will wince, and cry
 "So started forth his blood this morn—alas
 Poor Chastelard." And straightway will forget
 My death, upon the hearing of a song,
 Or such like weighty matter

It is well.

A goddess does not suffer mortals' pain.
 She breathes a dif'rent air. And so my Queen
 Shall lightly hold my loss.

But as for me,
 When I stand gazing for the last short time
 Upon this world, and feel the sun's warm arm
 Forming a track to bear my soul away;
 And when the earth all flashes into space,
 And *that* comes, which we know not of as yet,
 Her face will still be with me to the end;
 And in my dying ears will ring her voice,
 And my last word shall be "God save the Queen,
 And make my one love merry through my death."

Is it so late? The room is dusk again
 With the faint dimness of unbroken morn
 After the moon has sunk.

* * * * *

Now in the east
 The light grows stronger, my last sun is up,
 And penetrates the window, and the stones
 Are flush'd with soft red fire, like that which burns
 A girl's face when she hears her lover's step.

Now, farewell earth! Oh brightly dawning day,
 Of which I shall not see the close; green fields
 That teem so full of growing life; cool air,
 And early chirp of wakening birds, and sea
 That in the distance booms and mutters low;
 Farewell to all. If I left only you
 Perchance I might be sorry. As it is
 I value life, apart from her, as well
 As one would prize a withered rose's stalk
 From which the flower had fallen.

Is it time?
 I come sir—say you that the Queen is there?
 Now heart be merry! This was all I asked,
 Once more to look on her, and then come death;
 And all the possible hereafter weighs with me
 As straw upon a scale.

Is this the place?
 Now let me gaze—a mist? A blindness? God!
 Snatch not this last cup from my fever'd lips!
 Thanks, pitying Christ—ah! now I see her plain,
 My love, my heart, my fate, my life in death!

Good Sir—a moment! Let me look my fill!
 Oh, perfect face, to haunt a dead man's dreams,
 And float before his tortured eyes in hell.
 Oh! now indeed, in truth 'tis hard, to leave
 This heavenly vision. Ah, she turns this way—

What's that? A tear? *Weeping* for me—for me!
 I *cannot* go then. Soft, again she turns
 And whispers my lord Darnley, and a smile
 Breaks the red rosebud of her mouth. Then now
 There's no more thought, or look, for Chastelard.
 Sir, I'm quite ready.

Farewell, the most fair
 And the most cruel princess in the world!"

CHARLES SURFACE.

TUDOR'S TROUBLE.

PROEM.

Low-moaning waves breaking upon the rocky shore, foamy
 wavelets leaping in eager haste to kiss the sands, restless waves
 wafting sea-weed garlands to the land, fretful waves winding
 around frowning rocks, impetuous waves rushing into the lonely
 bay, till at last the imperial ninth wave left its distant throne.

Crowned with foam-snows, girded with wondrous strength, it
 came as though to destroy all barriers and vanquish its old
 enemy, the earth.

We watched its white tresses waving wildly in the wind, and
 gleaming gaily in the growing twilight.

We saw the deep blue foldings of its rich state robes darkening
 in the dying daylight.

We listened, and heard its grand protests against giant cliffs that ever seem to smile at the puny freaks of passionate waves. So it came landward, with allies speedily following from east and west, and gathering fresh vigour from the storm wind, it hastened towards the grim cliffs, and we watched it leaping, dashing, breaking, but its fury only ended in radiant wreaths of foam-flakes and beautiful showers of spray!

Then the roar of battle ceased, the wind hushed, and a mysterious lull followed.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

A background of illimitable sky and sea, veiled with changeful evening hues, for the most part softly-blended crimson and purple, fleckered with tints of the purest pale opal. A foreground of wet sands whereon the sky colours are dimly reflected, and there, in the midst of all, with her dainty feet resting upon a rock, stands Maude Vernon. A face fresh as fancy pictures May, golden tresses waving in the wind, blue eyes glancing merrily in the purpling twilight, red lips parted, displaying pearly teeth, a voice clear as the linnet's note in Spring.

II.

A background of moor-stone, crowned with samphire and sea-thyme. A foreground of shining sands, and in the midst of all is a bare brown rock, on which I, Nina Romaine, am sitting. A November face, shrouded with circling mists of sorrow, short jet-black hair, which contrasts strangely with a pallid countenance, dark, shadowy eyes, somewhat weary-looking and quiet, and full lips, though not so red as of yore. A voice subdued as a mournful calm after a great storm.

Do you wonder that men adored Maude, while I passed along unnoticed?

ON THE SANDS.

For many hours my mind had been restless as the stormful ocean that heaved up and down in the desolate bay, and the truce of wave warfare brought no respite from mental agony for me. Even my companion failed to rouse me, and, for the first time, I noticed that she was growing restless. As the twilight deepened, she expressed a desire to leave the shore. It was getting late, and there would be much anxiety at home if she lingered there.

Maude Vernon and I were devoted friends, and almost always together; but with hand clasped in hand, as we uttered a fond adieu that memorable evening, neither of us would have dared to say it was our last earthly meeting. Promising to come and see me in the morning, Maude departed, but I remained.

And there, on the shore, while the tide rolled out, and waves chaunted vesper-music around the rocks, while storm-winds hied into the dim distance of solitary woods, to wail in melancholy cadence before the shrine of the October night, I, mute and spell-bound, looked far across the waste of yellow sands and shimmering shingle, until my weary gaze found rest just where billowy seas of moorland grass lapsed among darkling shadows of westward-rising hills.

I lingered, till the October moon, in pallid beauty, looked coldly across the wan waves; and stars were glancing down upon the bay, when I noticed a solitary individual coming along the sands, whereon tremulous ripples ran sparkling, while moon-rays grew brighter.

Soon I recognized Vivian Leigh, but tremulously hoped he did not see me. And why? Simply because my eyes were red with tear-stains, and my face was clouded with sorrow. Yet, in the midst of anguish, only a few minutes previously, even while praying that death might come and put an end to my misery, deeply deploring my utter loneliness, I had breathed the name "Vivian Leigh." Now he was the last person in the world whom I cared to meet.

He came towards me swiftly, and approaching, said, "Miss Romaine!"

"Yes," I answered in a low-toned, almost feeble voice.

"I was not quite sure, but fancied it must be you," he continued. "You have been too long on these cold wet sands."

I was going to express surprise that he knew I had been resting there at all, when he interrupted me with, "After leaving you, Miss Vernon came and took tea with us."

"She seemed in a great hurry to go home," I remarked, wondering much that Maude had not told me she was going up to the Castle.

We were silent awhile. I know not why, but sometimes the waves seem to command attention.

"You are weary and sorrowful to-night," said Vivian Leigh at last; and in soothing tones he spoke to me of God's mighty message to man, and of Christ the Comforter.

His words fell upon my eager, listening ears, as gentle rain falls upon summer grass; but he knew not the nature of my sorrow, so his efforts to relieve my pain were unavailing.

"My woe will never wane," said I, "or not until the truth is out."

Vivian Leigh did not question me on the subject—never had, but merely answered, "Even for you, joy will dawn some day."

"Never!" I replied, somewhat vehemently.

"My days of happiness are dawning," remarked Vivian. "And I hope you will be happy for ever and ever."

"You are very kind," said he quietly, "and you have all my good wishes."

"I feel assured of that," was my reply, as for the first time, I smiled through my tears.

After some conversation, Vivian Leigh departed, but not before advising me to go indoors at once. I retraced my steps to the cottage where I had lodged for about a year, and after entering my room, I wept bitterly, and without ceasing for hours. In the earliest dawn of tears, I cried, but not aloud, "Why is he, of all people, so kind. His tender sympathy almost kills me."

I was lonely, very lonely, and I longed to be beloved. My love for Vivian Leigh was deep and strong, and I felt sure it would be everlasting. But, even if he loved me, as he had given me cause to believe, a great barrier divided us for ever. I could be no man's wife.

So I wept over my twin-sorrows till the morning twilight lulled me to sleep.

A MORROW OF GRIEF.

The next morning, I received a short note from Mrs. Vernon—merely this:—She very kindly told me that Maude and Vivian were engaged to be married, and invited me to take tea with the lovers and her family that evening.

I sent a pleasant answer, expressing regret that I could not accept Mrs. Vernon's invitation for the evening, as important business required my immediate departure for London.

Before the day died, I said farewell to the locality, fully determined never to return, and started for London by the night mail.

In the train I read Vivian Leigh's letters, which he had frequently sent me during his rambles. The last was from the Isle of Wight, and had been written only a fortnight before he asked Maude to be his wife. That was full of apparently sincere friendship, and even love.

"Vanitas Vanitatum," I cried; and after intense struggling, in a storm of mental agony and wildest heart-ache, I buried my love, feeling sure that one so false could not be worthy of any true woman's tears. I loved Vivian Leigh better than life. He was my dearest friend, yet I blotted his friendship from the tablets of my memory, saying, "Surely Time holds no deadlier dart than that which is branded with the word 'Friendship!'"

My passion died, and quietly sorrowful, I went forth into a new world, just as a traveller ventures into a strange and unexplored land, dreading to go forward, yet not daring to look back.

QUERIES.

"Why is your hair so short?" asked the Lady Superior of a Protestant Sisterhood.

"I had a fever about two years ago, and it has never grown much since," was my reply, as I blushed crimson, and continued, "Does it—"

The Lady Superior interrupted me with, "Please call in the morning."

Her voice was cold—almost unkind—and I knew by her eyes that she thought me on the very verge of the grave, as the doctors assured me I had been for more than two months.

So once more I departed, weary and very sick at heart; my last shilling was spent in paying for a cab to take me to my solitary bedroom at Clapham. There, I found a woman waiting for me.

"You are Miss Romaine, I believe," she said.

"I am."

"Do you remember me, miss?"

"Please remove your veil."

She did so; but even then I failed to remember her.

"I am Anne Warren, formerly Stratton."

"And—" I gasped; but then emotion checked further utterance.

When I recovered, she quietly remarked: "I heard you were in trouble, short of money, and so you must come home with me. I'll nurse you, for you sorely need a friend, poor dear. I'm rich now, and can well afford to repay all your kindness to me. Where have you been since you left—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, quickly interrupting her, "don't talk of that horrid place—at least not now."

"Come home with me," said Anne; and knowing that my resources were gone, I readily accepted her kind offer.

* * * * *

Anne's home was at Richmond, and the second night after my arrival there, I heard her husband asking, "Who is she, Anne?" Whereupon I went down and related my story, so

that the kind-hearted man could judge for himself whether I was guilty or not of a crime for which I had sorely suffered. It was a brief story, only this :—A certain Mrs. St. Leger's jewels were stolen, and the governess was charged with being an accessory, for which she was tried, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. And this was the way in which the guilt was fixed upon me :—

Two months after the robbery, the keys of the jewel case, a pair of pearl ear-rings, and a small diamond cross, also an anonymous letter, requesting me to forward them to the writer of the brief epistle, were found on the dressing-table of my room one evening while I was at the Rectory. Evidently, as the counsel for the prosecution said, I took them out of my box and had forgotten to replace them. My guilt was clearly proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, and I received sentence. Seven of the best years of my life had been wasted in penal servitude. But I was not guilty, and felt sure that the real offender might even yet be found.

Anne was Mrs. St. Leger's maid. The husband believed in my innocence, and nobly assisted me until I found employment. And my new occupation? Stewardess on board the emigrant ship *Ruby*. Emigrants would not notice my short hair and sorrowful countenance.

TUDOR'S TROUBLE.

All is quiet. It is our return voyage from New Zealand to England. The night is peaceful, though very dark, for the stars are enshrouded in heavy clouds; but at midnight the wind rises, rain falls, and the waves begin to roar. In less than an hour, the storm that has long brooded bursts forth in its fury, and our ship is tossed wildly to and fro on the pitiless waves.

The passengers are first roused to a sense of danger by a strange shock which suddenly alarms them. What is it? They know not, but soon cries ring fore and aft, as terrified they rush madly upon deck.

Now rockets are sent up from the shore, therefore succour must soon come. Our nearness to land wards off despair. Where are we? Nobody seems to know. About three o'clock the tide rises, and the water, which at intervals has been washing over the ship, comes rushing over the deck in terrible fury. The ship bounds forward, and the fearful crash that follows tells us too truly that the Ruby has struck upon the rocks. The saloons and cabins speedily fill with water. Some of the passengers take to the rigging; some, terror-stricken, and maddened with grief and despair, refuse to move; others seem resigned, and patiently wait for death.

Meanwhile, prayerful voices are heard above the wails and shrieks of agony, above the roar of the waters and the fury of the storm. Merciless waves dash madly up, blinding tearful eyes with briny spray, while shivering creatures, getting numbed, loose their hold, and fall from the rigging into the tempestuous waves.

"Where are we?" is the feeble cry of many a fainting one. No answer, and not a sound save that awful roar of darksome waters.

Anxious crowds on the shore answer, but the dead and dying heed not their voices.

The life-boat crew presses forward, and I, still clinging to the shrouds, watch the efforts of the gallant fellows.

It is three o'clock, a.m., and dark as ever an October morning could be. The shore is scarcely visible, but snowy-white breakers that dash around the Ruby, tell too truly that our ship is another victim of the ever-craving ocean. Frothy foam is scattered far and wide, and heaped-up piles of white wave-crests can be seen clearly, looming through the darkness that encircles the rocks upon which the Ruby has struck; and the once goodly ship, now a huge and shapeless mass, heaves up and down on the weary bosom of the ever-sobbing sea.

I, and many others, shiver and wait, anxiously straining our eyes for the life-boat. Every moment seems an hour, so great is the agony of distress. Every wave seems to waft us further away from the shore. At length the life-boat comes, but out

of three hundred souls, only about half-a-dozen remain to be saved.

Before I can utter a word, a strong arm is clasped around my waist, and, in a very pitiful state, I am placed in the life-boat.

"Where are we?" I ask, and a deep, hoarse voice answers, "Quite safe, thank God."

Somebody near me presses the question, and receives the same reply; but at length, as the last passenger is brought to join us, one of the life-boat crew says, "The rocks on which you struck are called 'Tudor's Trouble.'"

But a few moments and the lassitude and numbness produced by long exposure and cold overcome me, and all feeling and memory totally desert me.

THE AWAKENING.

Quite calm. October sunbeams were gleaming athwart the morning sea. Storm-winds were gone, musical waves rippled along the white sands, and foam-froth looked blown and faded around the wreck on Tudor's Trouble. It seemed to me as though our ship was only wrecked yesterday; but the landlady assured me that nearly a month had elapsed, and I had been fever-stricken, even to the point of death. The doctor was in the room, and said, "Do you know who saved you from the Ruby?"

"One of the life-boat crew," I answered.

"No; one of the passengers. Including you, he saved four women, and in attempting to rescue a fifth, he lost one leg, and the injury which he received to his left arm rendered amputation necessary. But mortification has set in, and he can't live many hours. He particularly desires to see you. Do you feel strong enough to come with me? He is in this house, but down stairs."

"I will grant a dying man's request, though I can scarcely crawl," said I, smiling faintly, as I got up from my chair, and drew my shawl closer around my wasted figure.

We then slowly went to the sick man's room. I was almost

Now rockets are sent up from the shore, therefore succour must soon come. Our nearness to land wards off despair. Where are we? Nobody seems to know. About three o'clock the tide rises, and the water, which at intervals has been washing over the ship, comes rushing over the deck in terrible fury. The ship bounds forward, and the fearful crash that follows tells us too truly that the Ruby has struck upon the rocks. The saloons and cabins speedily fill with water. Some of the passengers take to the rigging; some, terror-stricken, and maddened with grief and despair, refuse to move; others seem resigned, and patiently wait for death.

Meanwhile, prayerful voices are heard above the wails and shrieks of agony, above the roar of the waters and the fury of the storm. Merciless waves dash madly up, blinding tearful eyes with briny spray, while shivering creatures, getting numbed, loose their hold, and fall from the rigging into the tempestuous waves.

"Where are we?" is the feeble cry of many a fainting one. No answer, and not a sound save that awful roar of darksome waters.

Anxious crowds on the shore answer, but the dead and dying heed not their voices.

The life-boat crew presses forward, and I, still clinging to the shrouds, watch the efforts of the gallant fellows.

It is three o'clock, a.m., and dark as ever an October morning could be. The shore is scarcely visible, but snowy-white breakers that dash around the Ruby, tell too truly that our ship is another victim of the ever-craving ocean. Frothy foam is scattered far and wide, and heaped-up piles of white wave-crests can be seen clearly, looming through the darkness that encircles the rocks upon which the Ruby has struck; and the once goodly ship, now a huge and shapeless mass, heaves up and down on the weary bosom of the ever-sobbing sea.

I, and many others, shiver and wait, anxiously straining our eyes for the life-boat. Every moment seems an hour, so great is the agony of distress. Every wave seems to waft us further away from the shore. At length the life-boat comes, but out

of three hundred souls, only about half-a-dozen remain to be saved.

Before I can utter a word, a strong arm is clasped around my waist, and, in a very pitiful state, I am placed in the life-boat.

"Where are we?" I ask, and a deep, hoarse voice answers, "Quite safe, thank God."

Somebody near me presses the question, and receives the same reply; but at length, as the last passenger is brought to join us, one of the life-boat crew says, "The rocks on which you struck are called 'Tudor's Trouble.'"

But a few moments and the lassitude and numbness produced by long exposure and cold overcome me, and all feeling and memory totally desert me.

THE AWAKENING.

Quite calm. October sunbeams were gleaming athwart the morning sea. Storm-winds were gone, musical waves rippled along the white sands, and foam-froth looked blown and faded around the wreck on Tudor's Trouble. It seemed to me as though our ship was only wrecked yesterday; but the landlady assured me that nearly a month had elapsed, and I had been fever-stricken, even to the point of death. The doctor was in the room, and said, "Do you know who saved you from the Ruby?"

"One of the life-boat crew," I answered.

"No; one of the passengers. Including you, he saved four women, and in attempting to rescue a fifth, he lost one leg, and the injury which he received to his left arm rendered amputation necessary. But mortification has set in, and he can't live many hours. He particularly desires to see you. Do you feel strong enough to come with me? He is in this house, but down stairs."

"I will grant a dying man's request, though I can scarcely crawl," said I, smiling faintly, as I got up from my chair, and drew my shawl closer around my wasted figure.

We then slowly went to the sick man's room. I was almost

too weak to stand, and immediately sank into the nearest chair.

Dr. Massey was going to leave me, but the man requested him to remain.

When I was sufficiently revived, he asked me to draw nearer to his bedside, and said, "Do you know me, Miss Romaine?"

I looked anxiously at the haggard, time-beaten features, but could not trace the slightest likeness in them to anyone I had ever known. The dying man wearily turned on his pillow, so that I could have a full view of his face—yet I could not recognise him.

Sighing deeply, he asked, "Do you remember Watson, Miss?"

"Watson?"

"Yes; Mrs. St. Leger's butler."

"And you ——"

"Well," said Watson slowly and deliberately, "I was there when you were arrested, and even was a witness against you at the trial. I heard the Judge giving sentence, and saw you carried fainting from the dock; and yet ——"

The man paused to wipe away the tears that rolled swiftly down his face, and the great drops of sweat that moistened his brow. In a tone of deepest agony, he continued "And yet I, Jonas Watson, the thief, never confessed. God—how could I have injured so beautiful a woman!"

"It is all over now," I said, "and you saved my life."

"Ah Miss Romaine, can you ever forgive me for the seven year's imprisonment and pain. I placed the jewels and note on your dressing room table, while you were out, only to prove beyond a doubt that you were guilty. In less than a year after, I left Mrs. St. Leger's, for I could not remain there any longer. I said that somebody offered me higher wages, but went out to New Zealand. On my return passage home again, I found that the stewardess on board the Ruby was the innocent sufferer for my guilt."

The poor man told me much more, and afterwards made a dying deposition in the presence of a magistrate. But his confession could not blot out the seven terrible years, that will

ever remain as a dark spot upon the pure white tablets of my life.

AFTER-DAYS.

An eve of violets, and the rich perfumes of sweet spring flowers were almost over-powering, so I left the woodlands, and sauntered along the shore, in front of the old cottage where I once lived for twelve months.

Six years had flown since the Ruby was wrecked in the sight of land, and Watson vindicated my innocence to the satisfaction of myself, and the few who knew me. Alone, in the April twilight as I paced the solitary sands, my thoughts reverted to other days, when it was my wont to sit dreaming of Vivian Leigh. The barrier of supposed guilt which was between us then, had vanished long ago; moreover, I heard that his wife died in less than three years after their marriage, and he was free once more to break hearts; but the memory of lightly uttered and written words still lived. Far away, the beautiful blue waves plashed around Tudor's Trouble, just as they did in the years when Maude Vernon and I used to ramble upon the shore.

Suddenly, somebody touched my shoulder, and on looking round, I beheld Vivian Leigh.

"Miss Romaine," he said.

I made no answer, for my utterance was choked, and before I was aware of the fact, Mr. Leigh was passionately asking me to be his wife.

"I have had great trials," he said, "and am longing for sympathy."

"You don't deserve much," I replied, "but since pain teaches us to have some feeling for fellow-sufferers, I will say that I sincerely pity you."

"I knew you would," he said quietly.

"Oh!" I continued, firmly pressing my lips.

"Do you really and truly pity me?" he asked imploringly.

"Pity you? Yes. I pity you just as a stranger who cannot swim pities a poor drowning man! I would even call upon somebody to rescue you, but unhappily, I ——"

Vivian Leigh interrupted me with, "*You won't rescue me. This is all the comfort I get from one who is now so very dear to me?*"

"Yes," I replied, "retribution overtakes people before they are aware of it."

"What do you mean?" he asked in an agitated tone.

"Merely this. Why did you woo me when you knew it was not your intention to win?"

He made no reply.

"Well," I said, "it is only a strain in the minor key, from the old music of life, voiceful as ever, sad as usual, but still the same dreamy cadence that ever lingers around love, and the lies that leap from a false love's lips. Ah! I thought you noble, and your words sincere, but unfortunately, most of us rear idols out of dust, and mine and yours have vanished like summer sunshine at the foot-fall of a storm."

"So this is all you can tell me," said Vivian Leigh, sorrowfully.

"Yes," I replied, "I like honesty above everything."

"So do I," he responded.

"Then you should not have stolen my affection unless it was quite worthy the winning."

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," was my answer, "and may God comfort you in your sorrow, whatever it may be, for you will have very little sympathy in this cold world!"

In less than an hour, a friend came to me, saying, "Mr. Leigh has asked you to be his wife, and you have refused. How extremely silly. So you positively said no?"

"Yes;" I replied, "I couldn't receive bankrupt love. Mine for him was true, therefore, I will be Nina Romaine till my heart ceases to throb, and then you may write this motto on my tomb-stone, 'Semper Fidelis!' for *I* was, and will be ever faithful!"

My friend departed, and in the April gloaming I cried aloud to the winds and waves, saying "Ever Faithful."

The south wind coming up from the twilight sea, and the ninth wave rolling leisurely along the shore, responded "Ever Faithful!"

MARIE TREVELYAN.

LES DÉSILLUSIONÉS,

Your proud eyes give me their wearied splendour ;
 Your cold loose touch, and your colder smile
 The truth to my jealous heart surrender—
 You tire, having loved me a little while.
 Ah, well ! my sweet, I was sure you would,
 For I knew you false when I saw you fair ;
 I have watched and watched for your altered mood
 And have schooled myself that I shall not care.

The knoll's blue bonnet, the dell's green mantle,
 The mid-wood hollow where waters run,
 The bare, stained shore, with its white surf sandal,
 The sudden smile of the gallant sun,
 Will change not, be you sweet or bitter—
 A heart, after all, is hard to break ;
 But the world at sweetest were surely sweeter
 If only sweet for your own sweet sake.

Yea, I know this well ; if our love were sterling,
 We had drained the earth and the skies of joy,
 But I, God wot, and you too, my darling,
 No rare fair flower of girl or boy.
 How should we rise to such exaltation
 As climbs from a cloud a splendid star ?
 How live—how love with such perfect passion
 We, who are only what others are ?

W. WILKINS.

BLUE EYES.

By my faith ! it is strange, yet delightfully true,
 There's a power of a charm in an eye that is blue ;
 And a language within it that speaks to the soul
 With an eloquence such as no tongue can control.

You may seal up the lips, and all concourse restrain,
But an eye that is blue will a suitor maintain;
And by glances, and beaming, and tricks of its own,
Will outvie all the wooing that ever was known.

I was young, and so backward I dared not employ
Any art which to lovers will often bring joy;
But a blue-eyed young maid I'd fancied was shy
Led me on in a lesson she taught with her eye.

Till we spoke of the fire that was burning our hearts,
And the wounds that young Cupid had made with his darts;
Then we learned the sweet secret, our hearts were but one,
By the power of blue eyes was the victory won.

A. J.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

As I heard the blind organist playing,
I treaded the silent aisle,
And stood in the sculptured chantry,
Transfixed with emotion the while.

The sun, through the western window,
Shed lengthened ray-lines apace,
And a gold glittered beam in its beauty,
Fell full on the old man's face.

He was pouring such soul-stirring preludes,
'Mong the monuments gaunt and grim,
Methought in the dusky gloaming,
That angels were speaking with him!

His features were strangely illumined
With holy, divine-lit calm,
And anon, o'er his brow a smile lingered;
'Mid the strain of some master psalm.

And once, only once, in the shadows,
Soul-wrapt in an anthem chord,
I heard him, o'erpower'd, lowly murmur :
"I thank Thee, I thank Thee, O, Lord."

And, as I stood there in my reverie,
Like a dream rose the scenes of the past ;
I thought of the years that were wasted,
And tears trickled heavy and fast.

Aye ! tears filled my eyes. I, in manhood,
Ne'er felt such contrition before ;
I wept in my sadness of spirit,
My heart was desponding and sore.

In anguish I turned to the altar,
And longed that I too might behold
Sweet visions of faith, and no longer
Be a wanderer far from the fold.

I prayed ; and the blind man o' music
Shed a balm of soft comfort and love ;
And it seemed that to *me* the angels
Were harping their songs from above.

It was not till the wane of the sunlight,
Had faded o'er village and wold ;
That I woke from my reverie golden,
To to the world that was living, and cold.

Reluctantly stayed I my musing,
My thoughts I was loath to awake,
O, I fain could have wooed them for ever,
The soul-throes I ne'er shall forsake.

And when I passed out through the porchway,
Chords heavenly wafted the same :
Vaulted arches vibrated the preludes ;
With love the old church was aflame.

Thrice blest is that eve to my memory,
 Ere its birth, faith was stagnant and dim,—
 Little recked the blind man of the mission,
 That God had apportioned for him.

There seemingly circled a halo
 Round his face, with such pure saintly grace,
 It was sermon, far deeper than sermons
 That pour from the loved pulpit place.

Long stillness swept over the village,
 Like the calm that pervaded my heart,
 And I vowed, as I paced my steps homeward,
 To live from all sinning apart.

HILES DEANE.

LAY OF THE LOOM.

The drooping rose at the lattice high
 Has blushed awhile in the sun's faint ray;
 But the stricken flow'r must pining die,
 And its soul of fragrance pass away.
 Dark hangs the fog o'er the city walls,
 And no feathered minstrel carols there;
 The strain alone on the ear that falls
 Is the ceaseless hum of toil and care.
 For wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
 And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
 And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
 That trade may flourish, though health decay.

In an attic lone, at vesper hour,
 A maiden weepeth o'er rose leaves shed;
 From a rural home she had brought the flow'r,
 'Twas her only friend, and alas! 'tis dead.
 But why repine o'er a faded rose?
 For waking grief there's no time to spare;
 'Tis better to soothe in brief repose
 An aching heart, and for work prepare.

For wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, though health decay.

Gay summer's gone, the autumnal blast
Sighs sadly through the far distant trees,
While the yellow-tinted leaves fly past
Like withered hopes, on life's chilly breeze.
For a poor-house ward, till death to stay,
The weaver hath left her working loom,
And another rose has passed away
From a cheek once fresh with ruddy bloom.

Yet wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, though health decay.

The churchyard stands on a rising hill ;
The parish doctor, though poor is kind ;
Her last request he must now fulfil—

“To her native sod to be consigned.”

For she would not sleep 'midst the noise and gloom
Of that busy town, but fain would rest,
'Neath God's blue sky, in a grass-grown tomb,
With the wild rose budding o'er her breast.

While wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns far away,
Where hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, though life decay.

T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

A VOICE IN THE STREET.

'Tis but a voice in the street
Singing an old old strain—
Broken, but tender and sweet,
And touch'd with a thrill of pain.

Surely that voice once was gay—
 Joyous in seasons gone by,
 Careless and fresh as the lay
 Of the lark in a summer sky?

Now 'tis a voice in the street—
 Out in the cold and the rain.
 Ah! who knows what memories greet
 The sound of that old, old strain?

Halls where the people sat hushed,
 Swayed by a magical tone—
 Gardens where pure roses blushed
 Sung to the loved one alone.

Now 'tis a voice in the street,
 Fainter, and passing away;
 Lost in the echo of feet—
 The turmoil and din of the day.

B.

“REMEMBER ME!”

FROM ALFRED DE MUSSET'S “RAPPELES-TOI!”

Remember me! when opes the timid dawn
 Her glorious palace to the golden sun:
 Remember me! when pensive night has drawn
 Her silver veil of dreamy beauty on:
 At pleasure's call, when palpitates thy breast—
 At night, when shadows woo thee to their rest—
 List! how the silent glades,
 The murmuring phrase pervades—
 “Remember me!”

Remember me ! when cruel fortune tears
 This form from thee for evermore away :
 When sorrow, exile, and the weight of years,
 Bring this despairing heart to mere decay :
 Think of my love, my tender, sad, farewell—
 Think absence, time, its warmth can never quell :
 Until it cease to beat,
 This heart shall e'er repeat,
 "Remember me !"

Remember me ! when in the earth so cold,
 In final sleep, this broken heart shall lie :
 Remember me ! when lonely flowers unfold
 Above my grave their petals to the sky :
 Thee shall I see no more, but faithful then,
 And sisterlike, my soul shall come again :
 Hark ! through the starlit skies,
 All night, a voice which sighs
 "Remember me !"

LE LITE.

AN APHORISM.

'Tis well attempting, to attempt the best,
 Not in vain glory, nor in self-conceit,
 But in a hope, which, lost still leaves retreat,
 Nor 'lesseneth the pow'r for humbler quest.
 Then courage, friends ! come, rouse ye !
 He who is weak of will,
 Or doubts his strength or prowess,
 A slave remaineth still.
 Rise high on soaring pinion
 To lark or eagle's flight,
 Nor giddy with the distance,
 Nor blinded by the light :

Ye can but fail who venture,
 Ye can but fall who fly ;
 Nor can ye soar too boldly,
 Nor aim your flight too high.
 I've watched the lark, upspringing,
 Fail, and again essay,
 Before, like rocket rising,
 He sought the God of day :
 I've marked the swallows skimming
 In rapid circles round,
 Until with practised pinion
 They whirled in widened bound :—
 So ye, tho' failing, venture,
 Tho' vanquished, still aspire ;
 Ennobl'd by attempting—still rising high and higher.

L. WALEN.

SONG.

THE REFUSAL.

'Tis not because I scorn your love—
 Ah ! think not so, ah ! think not so ;
 The words would die upon my lips
 Did I say aught but this cold No.

'Tis not because I doubt the heart
 You freely offer me to-day ;
 Faithful till death I know thou art,
 Yet still I send thee far away.

I know thee true ; I know thy love
 Could only smile my life to bless.
 Yet, knowing this, and knowing thee,
 I may not, dare not answer—Yes.

AGNES R. FOXWELL.

SALTCOATS,

ON THE AYRESHIRE COAST.

A little town thrust out to sea,
With mimic heights behind surrounding ;
A little harbour called "the Quay,"
With tiny shipping there abounding :
Far out in front the Arran hills
In grandeur rise from out the ocean ;
Whilst Ailsa the fair picture fills,
In distance dim, 'midst mist and motion.

Its beach, on either side of sand,
Looks gay and bright in summer weather,
But seen in storm, from sea or land,
Might make the boldest heart to quiver :
For there the long south-western wave
Bursts into foam while onward rushing ;
And there the sailor finds a grave,
'Midst noise of many waters gushing.

Dear is that little town to me,
And though from it long time a ranger,
Sweet visions of the past I see—
In heart, at least, I'm not a stranger :
For 'tis the place where I was born,
And played, no matter what the weather ;
Where father, mother, safe from storm,
Sleep the sweet sleep of death together.

Its every spot to me was dear—
I prized it as a very lover,
And oh, the parting was severe,
That from those scenes my youth did sever
And oft in places far away,
On wings of thought I homeward hurried,
Nor marked I once how long the way,
Nor yet, while there, how long I tarried.

And though yet absent from the place,
 The old home feeling still I cherish,
 Nor time nor distance can efface
 That which with life alone can perish ;
 Nay, not e'en death itself, methinks,
 Can quench a flame so pure and holy ;
 The worthless only 'tis that sinks—
 The good survives through all our folly.

WILLIAM BENNETT.

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

People do not always see that when making such charges against a poet, they are admitting his titles to one of a poet's chief characteristics—that he should be a man of his time, paint what he sees, and embody what the age feels. Buchanan himself has always claimed this. "I have," he says, "been doing my best to show that active life, independent of accessories, is the true material for poetic art ; that actual national life is the perfectly approved material for every British poet. The farther the poet finds it necessary to recede from his own time, the less trustworthy his imagination, the more constrained his sympathy, and the smaller his chance of creating true and durable types for human contemplation." If we leave out "Undertones," which was the first flight of a young poetic genius, published in 1860, all that he has done has had that end mainly in view. The "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," which appeared in 1865, is a plain, almost Wordsworthian picture of Scottish village life, as he himself had found it ; and yet these idylls have all the polish of Tennyson, and pathos of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." Who, for instance, can read the touching story of "Willie Baird," or the still more pathetic one entitled "Poet Andrew," without feeling better for the

task? Take this bit, chosen at random from the former, and showing how child life can make chords vibrate that have been silent for years in the souls of full-grown and aged—

“’Tis strange—’tis strange!

But when I look’d on Willie’s face, it seem’d
That I had known it in some beauteous life
That I had left behind me in the North :
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat—
The buzzing school around me—and would seem
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,
Nearing the hueless silence of the snow.
Slowly and surely I began to feel
That I was all alone in the world,
And that my mother and my father slept
Far, far away in some forbidden kirk—
Remember’d but in dreams. Alone at nights,
I read my Bible more, and Euclid less—
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been
Half scoffer, half believer; on the whole,
I thought the life beyond, a useless dream,
That puzzled mathematics. But at last,
When Willie Baird and I grew friends, and thoughts
Came to me from beyond my father’s grave,
I found ’twas pleasant late at e’en to read
My Bible—haply only just to pick
Some easy chapter for my pet to learn—
Yet night by night my soul was guided on,
Like a blind man some angel hand convoys.

“London Poems” (1866) contain many examples, of a similar character, where every-day circumstances, and in the main, the ordinary language of the class from which the samples are taken, are transferred to the page, simply having undergone a subtle etherealization by passing through the poet’s soul. “Liz,” “Nell,” and the “Little Milliner,” though not the only ones, are good examples of this second incursion into the haunts and homes of humble life. No doubt Buchanan drank at the fountains of Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—the first the

creator, the second the purifier, and the last the tone-master in this style of writing; but he is no slavish imitator of either. He is minute as Crabbe, simple and true to his type as Wordsworth, and if there is not always the wondrous cadence of "Dora," there are always passages of rich harmony, true poetic feeling, melting pathos, quaint, weird, comic, sparkling humour, and living imagery. In addition to those already named, it will be enough here to indicate "The Two Babes," "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies," "The Scarth o' Bartle," and "Attorney Sneak." It has been well said, by a discerning critic of this class of writing, that "our English and American poets are working this rich vein well; but, with the exception of one or two in their best moods, none have better samples than Buchanan."

A power cognate to this of telling the stories of the old times is that of projecting oneself into the life and legendary lore of the past; and few living, or recent poets, have had it in the same fulness as the author whose works we are examining. If Keats, Tennyson in the "Idylls of the King," and Motherwell, in those wonderful saga songs of his, are set aside, who, among British singers of this century, has the same power over the eerie, the fanciful, the legendary, and the chivalric? Had he written nothing more than that extraordinary poem, "The Death of Roland," his fame in this department must have been secured; but there are "Meg Blane" and "Sigurd of Saxony," besides many others, equally attesting his power. Nor is he less happy in those mystico-lyrical ballads, such as "The Dead Mother," "Judas Iscariot," or "Clari in The Well," while the chastened severity of "Polypheme's Passion," when placed beside the terrible realism of "Nell," show how wide the range of his vision and faculty is. His flight in one word has been ever higher and higher, just as his power of wing has strengthened. Since many of these lyrics first appeared, they have undergone severe revision, and some others have emerged from the process "clear and finished as anything in Goethe or Matthew Arnold;" but a few would be none the worse of further amendment.

Of the lyric, pure and simple, I shall content myself with one

example, which shall stand for all the rest, perhaps because it is less widely known than many he has written. It has been said somewhere that Wordsworth is pre-eminently "the cloud poet," and perhaps he was the first to embody poetic musings about the fantastic sky-vapours, as the Germans call them; but nothing in the great "lake" dreamer about these is more charming than Buchanan's "Cloudland," a portion of which I quote—

White as a flock of sheep,
Slender, and soft, and deep,
With a radiance mild and faint
As the smile of a pictured Saint;
Or the light that flies from a mother's eyes
On the face of a babe asleep.

Yonder, with dripping hair,
Is Aphrodite the fair,
Fresh from the foam, whose dress
Enfleeces her loveliness,
But melts like a mist from the limbs sun-kiss'd
That are kindling unaware.

One, like a Titan cold,
With banner about him roll'd,
Bereft of sense, and hurl'd
To the wondrous under-world,
And drifting down, with a weedy crown,
Some miraculous river old.

One, like a bank of snows,
Which flushes to crimson, and glows;
One, like a goddess tall,
In a violet robe;—and all
Have a motion that seems like the motion of dreams—
A dimly disturbed repose:

A motion such as you see
In the pictured divinity,
By the touch of an artist thrown
On a Naiad sculptured in stone,
For ever and ever about to quiver
To a frightened flush, and flee!

Beautiful, stately, slow,
The pageants changefully grow;
And in my bewilder'd brain
Comes the distinct refrain
Of the stately speech and the mighty reach
Of songs made long ago.

Into my heart there throng
Rich melodies worshipped long;
The epic of Troy divine,
Milton's majestical line,
The palfrey pace and the glittering grace
Of Spenser's magical song.

Do whatever I may,
I cannot shake them away;
They are haunting voices to move
Like the wondrous shapes above;
Stately and slow they come and they go
Like measured words when we pray.

One section of his works still remains to be considered—and that the most important of all. It may be represented by the "Book of Orm," in which, under the form of a celtic fantasy, the poet deals with some of the greatest and most difficult problems of the time. Taking the mystic genius of the Highlands as the type by which he can best illustrate and expound those questions, which aim at "vindicating the ways of God to man," he has composed a series of poems, upon which, after all, I fancy his ultimate position in poetry will rest. Where he deals with purely intellectual difficulties, he may not shine as he

does where passion and mystery, struggling to rid themselves from theology and science, retreat upon themselves. "Songs of the Veil," where the questionings of the human soul into the how, whence, and wherefore of its existence, and the law of its relation to the inscrutable Jehovah, are exquisite. "The Man and the Shadow," in which the poet tries to show that the things most phantasmagorical are after all most real, is full of power and felicity. "The Songs of Seeking," wherein the spiritual and upward strivings of Christianity in man are set forth, seem to me both hopeful and true; and "The Lifting of the Veil," and the "Cormsken Sonnets," in which the search for the human ideal is shown to blend in the finding of the spiritual, are helpful and healthy. But it is after all in the "Vision of the Man Accurs'd" that the poet reaches the summit of his power, and however strait-laced orthodoxy may carp at its philosophy, no one can deny its startling power, and profound thought and insight. I am tempted to quote the latter position *in extenso*, but have only room for the closing lines—

"Have they beheld the Man?"

The Lord said, and the Seraph answer'd, "Yea;"

And the Lord said again, "What doeth the Man?"

"He lieth like a log in the wild blast;

And as he lieth, lo! one sitting, takes

His head into her lap, and moans his name,

And smoothes his matted hair from off his brow,

And croons, in a low voice, a cradle song;

And lo! the other kneeleth at his side,

Half-shrinking in the old habit of her fear,

Yet hungering with her eyes, and passionately

Kissing his bloody hands."

Then said the Lord,

"Will they go forth with him?" A voice replied,

* * * * *

I will go forth with him!"

Still hushedly
 Snow'd down the Thought Divine; the Waters of Life
 Flow'd softly, sadly, for an alien sound,
 A piteous human cry, a sob forlorn,
 Thrill'd the heart of Heaven.

The Man wept:
 And, in a voice of most exceeding peace,
 The Lord said (while against the Breast Divine
 The Waters of Life leapt, gleaming, gladdening):
 "The Man is saved; let the Man enter in."

All else had been wasted upon him; but by those human loves which touched his rude nature on earth, he is brought at last to a tearful state of penitence. The lesson may be extreme, but it is not less likely to be true.

I must very hurriedly say a few words as to the genius of our poet in the abstract, having already endeavoured to show it in the concrete, and, first of all, his life philosophy seems to have been affected, as Tennyson's was, by the death of a very dear friend with whom he struggled during his four first years' residence in the metropolis. There runs through the poetry of the Laureate the sadness begotten by the sudden cutting off of young Hallam, just as in Buchanan's, the melancholy which came to him through the early and unexpected loss of David Gray—that bright promising bard, the author of the "Luggie, and other Poems." Endowed with considerable dramatic talent, as may be seen in the "Drama of Kings," he is yet essentially a lyrist full of fire and passion, and yet with deeper soul-throbs, which beat grandly to the great heart of humanity. It is always where his touch seems to tremble on the verge of the perilous that he is at his best; but he has always freshness and a breadth of grasp, which makes him at once picturesque and ornate. He has more force of mind than the power of controlling it; and hence he sometimes sacrifices elegance to power, and music to a sort of wild cadence that chimes with his own burning thoughts; yet at times he seems to climb those Wordsworthian heights, whence he calmly displays the mean-

ness, or quietly enjoys the heroism of men. He has perhaps written more extensively than he should, but, unlike the Laureate, or Mr. Browning, he has had to struggle, all his poetical career, not only against obloquy, but to labour almost necessarily for the things that perish. No monied case has been his lot, but like many other men of letters, his nose has been kept to the grindstone; and if he is not always equal to himself, it is that he has had to call upon his muse to flutter on a tired wing, and to prophesy when she should have slept. He has always had the faith which makes the poet—faith in himself, in his work, and in mankind; and if his views of life are somewhat vague, they are neither pagan or weak. He has not the finish of Tennyson, nor the rude strength of Browning; but he has power combined with sweetness and beauty; and having given sterling proof of his abilities in all styles—having sounded the gamut from “grave to gay, from lively to severe” in a manner which all admire and recognize, he should (though may the day be far distant) take in his own right the honoured and honourable lays that fall from the Laureate’s noble brow.

W. GIBSON.

“ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.”

Down to the brink of the river she came,
 Paused for a moment and looked beneath:
 Behind was her life with its sin and its shame—
 Before was the darkness and stillness of death.

Just for a moment she paused aghast
 In the face of death, as she trembled to think
 Of the dismal roll of the deeds of the past
 As her soul saw it now at eternity’s brink.

Who that had known her in earlier years,
 As the sweet fair girl—the village pride,
 Ere her heart knew sorrow, her eyes knew tears,
 Would have known her to-night by the river-side?

Squalid, forlorn, 'neath the pattering rain—
Haggard and pale, with despair in her eyes
With disease on her brow, and hell in her brain—
The blackest thing under the blackest of skies !

And where was *he* now with his manners so nice,
And his well-bred ways, and his tongue so gay,
But with heart that was cold as the winter's ice,
Who came to her home and stole her away ?

Stole her away from the father that prized her—
From the mother that loved as a mother can :
Toyed for awhile with her, then had despised her,
And cast her adrift to the mercy of man.

Did she think of *him* there, as she paused by the river,
Or the love that she gave in that first long kiss ;
Of the peace and the hope that had vanished for ever
From out of her heart when her lips met his ?

No ! her thoughts were away in the hill-side home,
And as memories came of those days long past,
And the fresh green fields where she loved to roam ;
The tears that would save her were rising fast.

But the wailing cry of her murdered child,
Came out of the darkness under the bridge !
Then the mother's shriek rose frantic and wild
As she flung herself headlong over the edge—

A splash in the river—a gasp for breath !
And a gurgling groan as she sank again :
Then the waters were hushed in the presence of death,
And 'twas all their own with the wind and the rain.

P. H. HERBERT.

ALICE LOVE.

O the days are gone and banished,

Alice Love :

And thy sweetest image vanished,

Alice Love :

Ne'er again will be such hours,

Roaming through the sylvan bowers,

Laughing while we gathered flowers—

Never more !

O, those halcyon hours of evening—

Alice Love :

When the shades of night were deep'ning,

Alice Love :

Through the arbour, roof'd with branches,

Where the jack-o'-lantern dances,

I shall woo those loving glances

Never more !

By that stile so quaint and olden,

Alice Love :

Where the songster's notes flowed golden,

Alice Love :

Where the glow-worm shone so softly,

And the moon-beams glanced so lowly,

I shall see thee—I shall woo thee

Never more !

But youthful joys fly swiftly,

Alice Love :

And thou art gone ; and with thee,

Alice Love :

Has gone my every pleasure,

My only cherished treasure,

And I my loss shall measure

Ever-more !

O, the Heavens only lent thee,

Alice Love :

To scatter love and pity,

Alice Love :

The angels longed to meet thee,
And called thee softly, sweetly—
“Join us Alice ! join us quickly,
Evermore !”

G. J.

HOPE.

Though skies are cold and dark and drear,
And stifled every ray,
And summer's leaves are in the sere,
And strew the woodland way ;
We look beyond the present gloom,
For brighter hours to fling
Once more abroad the sweet perfume
Of vivifying Spring.

What though some object we pursue,
But hardly to be won,
Think of the ending held in view,
And half the task is done.
Nor dungeons damp, nor tempest's swell,
Can hide the angel form
That flings its radiance through the cell,
And smiles amid the storm.

Celestial hope, pale misery's foe,
Points out a promised land,
And from despair's impending blow,
Withholds the impious hand ;
To fainting souls new strength imparts,
Though with a still small voice,
And gives to weak and wearied hearts
The impulse to rejoice.

So, in the busy walks of life,
 We press to gain a prize,
 Corrupted by the toil and strife
 Of earth and all its ties.
 Still following a receding shore,
 An airy-peopled realm,
 Where plenty dwells with endless store,
 And fancy takes the helm.

But hope, whate'er its present good,
 Still points to future time,
 With buoyant but delusive food
 In a far-distant clime.
 Then let us pray, through Heavenly love,
 To reach that beauteous shore
 Where we shall dwell with saints above,
 And hope shall be no more.

O. S. ROUND.

“SIMILES OF LOVE.”

A rose,
 'Neath myrtles bending
 In sweet-scented fulness,
 Glowing tints lending
 To warm the green coolness,
 And o'er the earth sending
 A tender repose.

A brook,
 Singing on, as of yore,
 In a jubilant strain
 Round many a nook,
 Till swelled by the falling—
 The ever down falling—
 Of springtide rain,
 Leaps its banks with a roar.

A sunbeam glancing
Over the willows,
And rushes green,
To reach the dancing,
Restless billows,
Bathing them all
In golden sheen.

A swallow on wing,
Returning again
At the call of spring,
Returning again
To its rest,
When jasmine leaves
Hide its nest
'Neath the eaves.

A poet's song
To the skies ascending,
Like a white-winged dove
Soaring above—
All joy comprehending,
And seeking among
The stars for a love.

A maiden's sigh,
Soft and low
As zephyr's breath
Through groves of balm;
A glad reply
Cherished so,
That aye till death
'Twill hold its charm.

All that is sweetest,
Purest, and fairest;
All that is meetest,
In beauty rarest;

Here on earth—in heaven above—

Here, where time nor pleasures last,

Here, where sorrows all are past,

Shapens itself in love—all love.

EARNOLD SHUTE.

THE ERL KING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Who rideth so late through the chill night wild ?

'Tis a father rides with his darling child ;

He holds him securely, safe and warm,

Shields him from storm with his loving arm.

“ Why hid'st thou so sadly thy face from me ? ”

“ My father, the Fairy King I see—

The King of the Fairies with crown and train ; ”

“ My son, it is only the mist and rain. ”

“ Come, pretty child, come—fly with me,

And merry games I'll play with thee ;

We'll wander thro' flower-deck'd wood and glade ;

For thee a golden robe shall be made. ”

“ My father ! my father ! canst thou not hear

The Fairy King whispering in my ear ? ”

“ Be quiet, rest quiet, my child, again,

In withered leaves rustles the wind and rain. ”

“ My pretty boy, wilt come with me ?

My daughters all shall wait on thee—

My daughters all watch o'er thee keep,

And rock thee and sing thee nightly to sleep. ”

“ My father ! my father ! seest thou not there

The Fairy King's daughters waiting, so fair ? ”

“ My son ! my son ! there is nothing at all

But the old gnarled willows so gray and so tall. ”

"I love thee—thy beautiful face charms me so,
That if thou'rt not willing by force thou shalt go."
"My father! the Fairy King holds out his arm—
He grasps me! my father, O save me from harm!"

The father shudders—spurs fiercely and wild;
He holds in his arms the trembling child,
And reaches his home in sorrow and dread;
In his arms his darling boy lay dead.

W. THOMLINSON.

TWO ROSES.

In my dreams a memory haunts me,
A legend of fairy lore,
That rings with a saddened echo
In my heart for evermore.

'Tis a fable of love and sorrow,
And Friendship's smiles and tears;
Of lives that have met for moments,
And parted again for years.

A moss-rose, that growing in shadows,
Gazed yearningly towards the light,
As mourners have longed for the day-break
After dark vigils of night.

Of a dog-rose that basked in the sunshine,
Or drank of the white moon-dew,
And tasted all Nature's blisses
Till no joy on earth was new.

And sometimes it trailed in the grasses
Where the moss-rose was in flower,
Or waved on high with the breezes
That awoke at twilight's hour.

I CANNOT GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

Two lives, that have met but for moments,
And parted again for years—
One was forgotten in laughter,
And one was remembered in tears!

And I dreamed that a wind came surging
With a troublous wailing cry,
Bruising the poor wild dog-rose
Till it was fain to die.

Yet it did not guess that the moss-rose
Was suffering silently,
Till its leaves were drooped with grieving,
And the weight of sympathy.

Who knows! what became of the flowers,
Creations of a dream—
One growing in darkening shadows,
And one in the sunshine's gleam!

Were the two lives for ever parted?
(My dreams do not tell the end)
Did the passionate grieving dog-rose
Never reek of its truest friend?

EMMA SARA JEFFARES.

I CANNOT GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

In solemn words, and accents grave,
I tell thee once again,
I cannot give my heart to thee,
Oh, wherefore plead in vain?

'Tis not that others now possess
What thou art pleading for;
Or that thou art unworthy, so
Must think of me no more.

Ah, no, it is not this, but I
The reason will unfold ;
Oh say, when thou hast heard it, if
Thou still dost think me cold.

I *cannot* give my heart to thee,
Dear—shall I tell thee why ?
It is because my heart is thine,
And will be till I die !

HANNAH H. HOPKINS.

THE POET.

Beneath the walls of the rugged cliffs
That line the restless sea,
A poet was treading the yellow sands,
And a king was he.

The salt sea spray was his ermine robe ;
His crown was the vault above ;
And one lone star nigh the setting sun
Was his dear love.

The flushed clouds seemed a ruby throne
To which he hasted fast,
And the sapphire waves which round him shone,
His domain vast.

And his sceptre was the amber bar
That cross'd the sky, alas !
Ere he could grasp its fiery hilt
There were leagues to pass.

"Oh ! star—my fame," he mournfully cried,
"White star beyond the sea,
I must pass thro' the blazing port of death
Ere enfolding thee.

Yet methinks I hear them scar my name
 On the granite brow of time,
 And beat the strain of my tombless heart
 To a deathless chime."

But when he thought of his crownless life,
 And foresaw its voiceless years,
 He bowed his head to the cruel strife,
 And his eyes were wet with tears.

H. ANCKETILL.

TWO LOVES.

SCENA I.

An ancient hall, a stately place,
 A noble dame with loving face ;
 A gallant youth in trappings gay,
 Proud of his soldierlike array.

SCENA II.

A maiden fair in a garden bower,
 Passing a smiling summer hour ;
 A soldier youth with a sweet love-token,
 Vowing a vow to be never broken.

SCENA III.

A field of slaughter, a night of woe,
 A victor army, a fleeing foe ;
 A youth expiring 'mid heaps of slain,
 'Mongst human misery, woe, and pain.

SCENA IV.

A noble dame in deepest grief,
 A maiden whose tears bring not relief ;
 A mother aged in her grave is laid,
 While a maid a weeping wife is made.

W. D.

WILL SHE COME ?

FROM THE GERMAN.

When I am dead, and o'er me, by-and-bye,
 Moss-covered stone and cross neglected lie,
 Fain would I know if she will come some day,
 And train the grass and creeping weeds away :
 If there will steal a mist before her eyes—
 If she will think—a loving heart here lies !
 If she will, kneeling, call my name in prayer,
 And gather flowers to make a garland there.

Ah ! surely she will come ! will come some day !
 None else for me—she knows—will weep or pray !

A. E. MEETKESKE.

FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

Wealth-struck men are daily raiding
 Through sins overhanging pass,
 Rating souls as Savage trading
 Virgin gold for beads of glass.

Struggling on like current rushing
 Wildly down lands lying low,
 Or high peak, dismember'd, crushing
 Every object down below.

Objects reared for life's pure pleasure,
 Stars when dark clouds hide the way,
 Oases for souls that leisure
 Plants upon our path each day :

Pilgrims on life's pathway wending,
 Needing each the other's aid :
 Treading down, like stubble bending,
 Stricken in the storm's fierce raid.

Oh! that words could stay this bowing
 Down to Aaron's golden calf;
 Check the speed the world is going;
 Smite the metal god in half:

Drive these dark clouds from our nation,
 Banish lucre-loving gloom,
 And from fleeting life's probation
 Make the future brighter loom.

All the gold e'er washed by Pison
 On Havilah's glittering beach
 Could not give the consolation
 One pure act of love can teach.

Yet, vain man, vain worldly martyr,
 Makes wealth agonizing care,
 Which, when endeth human barter,
 Proves an everlasting snare.

WM. SHORROCK.

SONNETS ON THE POETS.

SOUTHEY.

Whether, in thy bright youth, when fancy drew
 To where soft streams of Susquehana wind;
 Where man is ever just, and woman kind—
 Vain dream! yet, like a solar beam, it threw
 Its spectrum on the Poet's inward view.

And hope was high in some far spot to find
 The fair perfection mirrored on his mind:
 (O ever lover of the good and true!)

Whether, in thy calm manhood—calm, not cold,
 With thy large knowledge and thy curious lore,
 Still studious of the tales and songs of old,
 Till the brain reeled beneath the gathered store—
 SOUTHEY! I love thee—love not only *thee*,
 But thy wise prose and wondrous poesy.

G.L.F.

RONDEL.

I only ask a sigh,
 A whisper, or a glance ;
 And why dost thou deny
 Such humble sustenance ?

A timid look askance,
 A look from thy bright eye,
 Would be enough reply,
 A whisper, or a glance :

But, if thou wilt reply,
 No blest deliverance,
 Remember, ere I die,
 Slain by thy dalliance,
 I only ask a sigh,
 A whisper, or a glance.

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

A stillness in the air, a soothing calm,
 A purple shadow on the distant hills,
 The whisper of a thousand mountain rills,
 A murmuring sound, as of a low, sweet, psalm,
 Upon the silver lake a nameless charm ;
 We wander up and down the world at will,
 Yet find our own loved lake is peerless still,
 She reigns a queen, and bears away the palm ;
 See, from the west, a flood of golden light,
 A sunset beam, illuming all the land
 With rainbow hues, ere falls the veil of night :
 Unrivalled sunset scenes, they ever stand,
 A glory in our midst, calm varied bright,
 Soft colours manyfold, sublimely grand.

A. A.

SPRINGTIME.

The springtime has come in its beauty,
 Clothing each flower and tree
 With its wealth of verdure and blossom ;
 But my darling's not here to see.

The stately chestnut its banner
 Of blossomy white unfurls ;
 The graceful laburnum is drooping
 With the weight of its golden curls.

The birds are trilling their love songs,
 Flitting from tree to tree ;
 Building their nests for the summer,
They welcome the springtime with glee.

But the birds, the sunshine, and flowers
 Bring nothing but sadness to me ;
 For ever they seem to murmur :
 " My darling's not here to see."

I know that my darling gathers
 Flowers more rich and rare—
 That the garlands around him twining
 Are such as angels wear.

But he loved this earthly springtime,
 The budding of flower and tree ;
 And I cannot withhold the murmur,
 " My darling's not here to see."

A. L.

A "PACIFIC" PLAN.

I've such a host of *nieces* dear,
 That—strange as may the thought appear—
 I think it would be easier,
 To make of this so fair a troop,
 One prettily united group,
 And call them—Poly-*nesia*.

F. P.

AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF FUENTES

D' HONORE.

1811.

The horse of the armies, in hostile array,
Haste to prove their proud prowess in mortal affray—
And the soldiers' fierce oaths that are bandied around
Add a new sense of horror to battle's stern sound:
Thus the squadrons are nearing each other, when lo!
An hussar leaves our line and makes straight for the foe.

Now enraged by loud tauntings, with furious force
Direct at one soldier he urges his horse—
Who seeing such frenzy of hate with sore fear,
Sets spurs to his steed, and swift speeds for the rear;
While the other his charger gives rashly the rein,
And both gallop recklessly over the plain.

Our men greet their comrade with cheers long and loud,
While the foe are struck mute as he flies thro' their crowd;
So the chase is continued far, far, in advance
Of the glancing of bayonet or glittering of lance;
Still our gallant hussar is in perilous plight,
The enemy near him—no friends now in sight:
And to reach his companions perforce he must go
Through the densely-ranged ranks of the furious foe—
Who, deeming their victory a certainty, vow
Though he passed their line once he will not pass it now.
And hard they press on him—escape seems in vain,
Though he spurs his steed onward with loose slackened rein.

But the men of his regiment are anxious to save
 A comrade, though reckless, thus dauntless and brave ;
 So, drawing their sabres, swift forward they dash
 And charge on the foemen with crest-cleaving crash.
 Thus the moment which seemed his sad fate to have sealed,
 A goodly array of our soldiers revealed,
 And amid the mad melée of general strife
 He gains his companions with honour and life.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

“THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.”

Saracens are onward rushing
 In the thickest of the fight ;
 Good Lord James of Douglas standeth
 Champion for his Lord and right.
 Few his men, yet all undaunted,
 'Mid the hundreds of the slain ;
 For, in death, King Robert leads them
 On the battlefield again.

Bruce is there !—his vow redeeming,
 Borne within the bravest life ;
 Banners of the Crescent waver,
 Scotland's lion leads the strife !
 Urging on his comrades, never
 Dreams of deathly danger knows ;
 “We will cut a path to glory
 Through Christ's forty thousand foes.”

"See, beneath the Scottish broadswords
Faithless blood is poured like rain ;
Granada's foundations tremble
Under earthquake blows for Spain."
Infidels press close in hundreds ;
Sword and arrows, spear and flames,
Knight and steed at once assailing—
Iron arm of good Lord James.

Saracens shrink back with terror,
Quailing 'neath his lightning gaze ;
Douglas flings the heart of Scotland
Through the thunder and the blaze.
While the thousands gath'ring round him
Hear his spirit stirring cries :
"Gallant heart, go ever foremost ;
Douglas follows thee, or dies !"

Shall the earth by Paynims tainted
Rest o'er hallowed dust like thine ?
Robert Bruce, thy country claims thee,
Caledonia is thy shrine !
Realm which he has wreathed with freedom,
Scotland, see his last return ;
Shrouded in his Saviour's glory,
Light out dazzling Bannockburn !

Mountains, echo hymns of triumph
For the chains he crushed of yore ;
Rivers by his life defended
Murmur forth his praise once more.
Melrose, silver light of moonbeams
On thy priceless gem shall rest,
While to our Redeemer riseth
Intercession for the blest.

Heart of Bruce, unwept by Zion,
 Mourn'd not by Gennesareth's wave,
 Salem's starlight shall not watch thee
 Resting near thy Saviour's grave :
 Still the spot where James of Douglas,
 Death defying, bade thee stand,
 First of Christendom's crusaders,
 Heaven and earth deem holy land.

THE VISION.

One winter evening, very weary,
 Sat I by my fireside dreary,
 Of all hope bereft ;
 Feeling utterly forsaken,
 Since my love from earth was taken—
She taken, and I left.

One short month of priceless pleasure
 Spent I with my lovely treasure
 Ere she went on high ;
 Then I cried in lonely sadness,
 Goaded on to frenzied madness,
 “By mine hand I'll die.”

But at length, worn out with sobbing,
 And my heart's tumultuous throbbing,
 In sleep forgot I life ;
 Then a ray of light fell o'er me,
 And an angel stood before me—
 My little Rose—my wife.

Me she beckon'd with her finger,
 Why my weary soul didst linger—
 Why not soar above?
 Thou hast nought on earth to bind thee,
 Nothing dear to leave behind thee;
 Heaven doth hold thy love.

H. KNIGHT.

LINES BY JOHN MILTON *

*Upon his blindness ; not to be found in any edition of his works
 except the first.*

I am old and blind,
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
 Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,
 I murmur not that I no longer see ;
 Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father supreme, to Thee.

Oh, merciful One,
 When men are farthest then art Thou most near—
 When friends pass by me and my weakness shun
 Thy chariot I hear.

* In our August issue we reviewed a poem, which was sent to us as an unpublished work from the pen of the immortal Milton. Whilst admitting that it was worthy of the great poet, we were, in spite of careful enquiry, unable to trace its certain origin—and ultimately we accepted Mr. Blanshard's information, that the manuscript had been carefully preserved in one family, and that it was not to be found in any of Milton's printed works.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Dowding of Bristol, we have been favoured with a copy of the Bath Journal of November, 1875, in which the poem in question, which was published in the first edition *only* of the poet's works, appears ; and we have since seen it again in a collection of religious poems published in 1862. We now publish the poem in its entirety. The version we quote is from the Bath Journal, which is, in our opinion, probably more correct than that in the possession of Mr. Blanshard.

We desire to express our conviction that Mr. Blanshard acted in all good faith, believing that the poem in question was being placed before the public for the first time, and we can but regret that he was mistaken.

Thy glorious face
 Is beaming towards me, and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
 I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown—
 My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
 Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear—
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,
 Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
 Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er has been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of that sinless land
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
 When heaven is opening to my sightless eyes,
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
 My being fills with rapture, waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit, strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

“FORGET-ME-NOT.”

Forget-me-not when thy bright eye
Gazes on this pure, lovely flower,
But let thy thoughts all-hallowed fly
To me, and bless me in that hour!

Forget-me-not, O Lizzie dear!
This emblem of my love pray keep,
Thy sorrow-stricken heart to cheer,
When from its core the salt tears creep.

I love thee more than all on earth,
Nor wilt thou ever be forgot,
Whilst I have life to speak thy worth;
All then I ask—“Forget-me-not!”

H. M.

Reviews.

PET MOMENTS.—BY R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW.

LONDON: PROVOST & Co.

We have received and perused this volume, which is dedicated, by permission, to Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, with real pleasure. The poems are all of considerable merit, and though the author modestly expresses a wish that they were worthier still we think that he can point to them with a satisfaction that is not egotism. “The Ministry of Nature” is the most ambitious poem in the collection—and it is powerfully-expressed, breathing in its every line the intense love of the author for the beautiful, as seen in the works of creation.

The following extract gives a fair idea of the whole :—

"Oh ! that the sermons ever preached around us,
 With all the melting eloquence of Love—
 By thousand voices of adoring Nature,
 From sea, and fell, and mountain, dale and grove—
 Would touch with living fire the crumbling altars
 Of poor humanity, and roll a flood
 Of mighty Truth to overspread the nations,
 Till men were sanctified in brotherhood.
 Oh ! that the heralds of revealed religion
 Would foster Nature's sermons more, and woo
 Immortal souls, with cadences as gentle
 As lover's words, in rapture stealing through
 Love's rosy gate, when passion-woke vibrations,
 Trembling around Affection's harp, give birth
 To those emotions which, upborne by Virtue,
 And taught Love's own sweet language, issue forth,
 Wafting the music of the soul in numbers
 Which charm the silence of the moon's soft light,
 Like the sweet nightingale's melodious solo,
 Thrilling the bosom of enchanted Night.
 Not with a sneer of sanctity superior,
 Nor with the dogmas of a stunted creed ;
 Not with the sacerdotal superstitions
 Which on the ignorance of mortals feed :
 With no ecclesiastical vain-glory,
 No base self-righteousness, unsanctified,
 No broken chain of mythical succession,
 No hollow cant, no Pharisaic pride ;
 But on the vantage-ground of Life Eternal,
 Where Truth's fair standard proudly waves unfurled,
 With Love's soft touch, in tones of offered mercy,
 Attune the heart-strings of an outlawed world."

"One little golden hour" is a tenderly-written poem, and,
 as its title expresses, speaks of some of those short moments in
 our lives that "memory will not unloose."

"Nathalie" is deserving of highest praise ; it cannot boast
 originality, but its pathetic truth, its forcible wording, and

above all, the moral that it conveys, cannot be too highly commended.

We quote the concluding verse of "Wildflowers," one of the author's happiest efforts:—

"Oh! in Nature's varied store
There is nothing undesigned;
Every pebble on Life's shore
Bears its lesson to mankind:
And each tiny way-side flower
Has its mission from on high—
Teaches men, with mighty power,
How to live, and how to die!"

"Wee Willie," "Heroism," "The old chaise," and "The sun will shine again," are all worthy of mention. To say that they are good is a poor compliment, for each poem in the volume before us betrays real poetic merit.

"In the Toils," of which we quote a stanza, reads like one of the happy translations of Moore—

"There's a fair, sweet maid, just over the way,
And Love caught me looking across one day,
And aimed at us both, as he flew away!"

The author of these poems strives with glowing earnestness to set forth the true power and high purposes of life; and there is many a sweet lesson of hope and patience, love and charity, scattered throughout his pages. We can well believe that "pet moments" have been spent by the author in the composition of these charming poems, and we doubt not that they will afford many "a little golden hour" to all lovers of true poetry who are fortunate enough to peruse them.

THE MAHABULESHWAR HILLS, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

This interesting little volume contains much that is calculated to elevate and refine, and breathing throughout the author's

devotion to his sacred duties, conveys through many every-day incidents the message of love blended with the music of poetry. Sunrise on the hills is thus described :—

“I see bright shapes of beauteous form have birth ;
 Beams as of old out o’er me gloriously
 The *marbled splendour* of the morning sky.
 Yet with thy train of gorgeous clouds, O sun,
 Thou rollest in thy radiant chariot—on,
 Bidding the swift beams of thine orient light
 O’er the white foam the kindling billows smite.
 Roll on, roll on, O yet in glory roll,
 And warm earth’s peopled realms from pole to pole !
 Type of a sun in whose diviner day
 Shall pale and wane thine ineffective ray,
 I hail thee and I faint ; for—soul and sense
 Ravished with that intense magnificence—
 My spirit fails within me, and I spring
 To meet that Sun Divine with ‘healing on His wing.’”

Included amongst other poems, some of them of considerable merit, are various sonnets on the poets. We quote the one addressed to Shelley :—

“The very soul of most sweet poesy !
 Like thine own Skylark it was thine to fling
 (Topping his notes with thy sweet minstrelsy)
 Wild music round thee. Who like thee could sing
 Ideal beauty in Ianthé’s lay ?
 Who tell like thee how in a garden grew
 That fair and delicately fashioned flower,
 Fed by the ‘young winds,’ fading in an hour,
 The poet’s day dream, and his emblem too ;
 So fair, so sensitive ? So from our view
 Faded thy spirit’s loveliness away.

Alas ! life's better love he never knew,
 But, maddened by the world's base scorn and wrong,
 Blasphemed the Power that gave the glorious gift of song."

The "Garden of Eden" is a charming poem, or, rather, we should say, a word painting, for we can see the scene presented as in a picture, so forcibly is it expressed.

Eve is described as being the—

"Fair protoplast of fairest womanhood,
 Sweet help and solace of man's varying mood,
 Blest by her Maker's word with emphasis of good."

We regret that our space does not permit longer extracts from some of these poems, all of which are good, and many worthy of the highest praise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. Norman C.—We regret the apparent discourtesy on our part in overlooking your poems. It was by no means intentional. "The Hill of Life," though expressing happy ideas, is not quite up to standard. "Excelsior" is an old motto, and cannot be too frequently re-capitulated, and we have sound precedent for urging you to try again. Do not be discouraged, for we feel sure that you can do much better if you really try. Let us hear from you again.

W. M., Wolverhampton.—We must again state that we cannot consider MSS. unless accompanied by stamps. Our time is fully occupied with our subscribing correspondents.

E. J. J.—We regret our inability to comply with your request. If we kept every poem of a few lines that came into our hands, we should have to enlarge our premises. Authors who desire the return of MSS., if not accepted, should accompany them with a stamped envelope.

Alfred S.—Clever—but hardly suitable. The words put into the mouth of the hero might have been tolerated in the 15th century, though we are dubious even on *that* point ; but they are not the language of this present era.

Emma M., Dorset.—Thanks for your charming letter and verses. We are most glad that you find the "P.M." a help. Why say you are afraid of "tiring" us? You will not do that, for we regard our correspondents in the light of friends. Your song is pretty, but not original. We quote a verse:—

A love bird sat on a jasmine spray,
Heigho!
Carolling merrily all the day,
Heigho!
Cheering the heart of his loving mate,
Heigho!
Who closely prest
The downy nest,
And from morn till night unwearied sate,
Heigho!

What is "Heigho" dragged in for?

Ernest Fenton.—Thanks. We are always pleased to make new friends, and shall be glad of any assistance in the way you mention. You say you are "glad the P.M. is flourishing." Undoubtedly it is so doing; but like a young tree it still requires firm support.

J. Hillard.—You will find the passage mentioned in Thompson's Seasons, under "Autumn."

Hilda.—As the looking-glass has proved a failure, we should advise you to move. If that won't do you should have a "beauty" hunt. In no place is Nature so ungenerous as to refuse to exhibit her beauties to the conscientious seeker. Leave poetry and your complexion out of the question, and take a long walk each day, and if in a few weeks' time you are not better, purchase a pair of spectacles.

William M.—We answered your question last month. Send the MS. and we will give our opinion.

Ceyx.—"Sketchy Essays" and articles on "Vers de Société," would be acceptable—at least we think so; but we are not quite certain, for we don't know what "Sketchy Essays" are. Send one and we will tell you.

Minnie's Dimples.—Will the author of these lines—signed "V."—kindly send name and address.

George Budge (Mangaldai Assam).—Thanks, for your kindly letter and extracts—we have not heard from Calcutta. The extracts are too short to admit of much criticism, but we print a few lines.

"This kiss shall seal our faith,
This only be our vow,
Not absence, time or death,
Shall ever part us now."
"The silent stars above have heard,
Have seen us in this solitude,
And they will keep our plighted word
From all the curious and the rude."

Stars have a wonderful knack of forgetting all about these little matters—don't you think so?

P.H. (Wooton Bassett).—A great improvement—some of the ideas are very good, but you still lack finish. Try again, and do not be discouraged by present failure. We quote one verse which is so much better than the rest of the poem, that we could hardly have thought it was the work of the same author.

"For on every branch there glistened,
Sparkling gems of ice and snow,
As if angel's smiles had rested,
Where once struck a ruthless foe."

That is a charming idea, but the last line mars the effect of the preceeding ones.

A. E. T. Islington.—Ode to L. received. You have not sent your name so we cannot communicate with you, send your name and the number of the street, then we will write.

A. E. M.—“He giveth his beloved sleep” received. Some of the verses betray considerable ability, whilst others are very harsh.—This line for instance :

“Tho’ before she’d slept, she’d wept.”

is not at all musical—Study our articles on poetic composition, and practice.

M. T. Newsham.—“War” is not up to standard. In answer to your query about accepted poem, we must remind you of our rule, that none but subscribers are allowed insertion in the Magazine.

E. S. Littleton.—“To a lady.” The fair damsel ought to be much flattered, but the manner in which you have expressed your admiration is not quite up to perfection. In your own words we would urge you to “be not in despair,” but to press boldly on until you succeed.

“Omega.”—Will the gentleman using this *nom de plume* kindly send name and address.

G. Ashworth (Lincolnshire).—We can well believe that the song sent was the “outcome of feeling;” but it is not quite up to our standard. Some of the lines are harsh—for example—

“And furrowed marked my brow ”

Surely that is not musical.

O. S. ROUND.—Lines “On a Photograph” and “The Mourner’s Friend” received. We do not consider that they are suitable, but thank you for them.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

“The Exile,” “The Moss-rose,” “Good Night,” “Love.”

OUR EXCHANGE.

In deference to the wish of many of our Subscribers and Correspondents we have consented to devote a page of our Magazine to the “wants” of our readers. Our Exchange will be limited to books, literary matters and music.

To defray costs a fee of sixpence will be charged for each notice, and to prevent loss to our correspondents each transaction must take place through our office in order that we may be assured of the *bonâ fides* of the writers.

The carriage of all books, &c., must be prepaid.

All communications under this head must be addressed to Mr. Louis Cecil, The Poet’s Magazine, 21, Paternoster Row.

“Beautiful Poetry,” a volume supposed to have been published about twenty years ago, wanted. Will give vol. I. of the “Poets’ Magazine” bound in exchange, or purchase.

“Hood’s Rules of Rhyme” desired in exchange for “Shelley’s Poems.”

“Byron’s “Don Juan,” complete, offered in exchange for Moore’s “Lalla Rookh.”

Copy of the song, “The Irish Emigrant,” wanted. Would give dance music in exchange.

NOTICE.

In answer to the numerous enquiries Mr. Leonard Lloyd begs to inform the public that he is open to engagements, yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, to give instruction in the art of poetical composition—both in the correction and criticism of M.S.S., and by letters of advice—privately by post.

TO OUR READERS.

While the proprietors are happy to receive contributions from unknown writers, they have—to prevent the Magazine sinking to the level of an amateur publication—made arrangements with various authors of note, who will, from time to time, furnish poems, and articles on poems and poetry. The main feature of THE POETS' MAGAZINE is to invite all who possess literary talent to contribute to its pages.

Original contributions only are acceptable.

No Manuscripts can be returned, except by special arrangements.

In all cases where written answers to letters are desired, a directed envelope and two stamps must be enclosed.

As we have so many letters asking for criticism on enclosures we find it necessary to state that any correspondent *who is not a Subscriber* to our Magazine, and desires criticism on MSS., either privately or in print must enclose twelve stamps with each contribution. In all cases where this rule is complied with, a prompt and candid opinion will be given, and a copy of the current number of the Magazine forwarded post free.

This rule does not apply to established Authors, whose communication will at all times receive attention.

Novellettes, prose poems, and all articles of real literary value, are acceptable, and if suitable will be included in the Magazine.

All who wish the "P. M." sent monthly by post, because they cannot obtain it through a bookseller, can have single copies for seven stamps.

Subscriptions for Contributors (who will alone be allowed to compete for Prizes)	} Yearly, 10s. 6d. ; Half-yearly, 6s.

Subscription for Non-Writers	-	„	6s.	„	3s.
------------------------------	---	---	-----	---	-----

Authors and Correspondents are requested to apply by letter only, addressed to the Editors of THE POETS' MAGAZINE, 21, Paternoster Row, London.

Post Office Orders payable at Temple Bar Post Office to Mr. Leonard Lloyd.

Vol. II., Now Ready, Price 4s. Cases for Binding, 1s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD
AND SONS'**

*The Medal of Honour and Diploma of Merit,
Philadelphia, 1876.
The Grand Diploma of Honour, Paris, 1874.
The Gold Medal, Paris, 1870.
Le Diplome de la Mention Extraordinaire,
Amsterdam, 1869.
La Medaille d'Honneur, Paris, 1867.
Prize Medal, London, 1862.*

Patented 1862, 1868, 1871,
and 1875, in Great Britain,
France, Prussia, Austria,
Italy, Belgium, & America.

GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

ON THE THREE YEARS SYSTEM.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Gilbert L. Bauer's Prize Medal Bent-Reed English Harmoniums.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater
Action.

"This most ingenious and valuable invention
cannot fail to meet with success."—SIR JULIUS
BENEDICT.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action
On the Three Years' System.

"The touch is absolute perfection."—SYDNEY
SMITH.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
On the Three Years' System.

"A very clever and useful invention, and
likely to be extensively adopted."—BRINLEY
RICHARDS.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,**
Six feet six inches in length, with the Patent
Perfect Check Repeater Action. Price, Ninety
to One Hundred Guineas.

"The tone of the Grand now referred to
possessed all the qualities that a good piano
ought to have, and in touch and action was
perfect. The sweet and silvery quality of the
upper octaves was worthy of special admira-
tion."—*The Era*.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL IRON GRAND PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Sir Julius Benedict played his well-known
composition, 'Where the Bee sucks,' on one
of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' grand
pianos, with the recently patented improve-
ments, which enabled him to produce the sus-
tained tones with great variety of effect in the
light and shade of tones, especially so when
extreme delicacy of touch is required."—*Court
Journal*.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**

With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
"A metal bridge of a peculiar form is used to
produce the treble, and a much finer tone is
produced than if a wooden bridge were used."
—*Morning Post*.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
"This invention is simplicity itself."—*The
Queen*.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS.**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
On the Three Years' System.

"Receive the greatest approbation every-
where of musicians and manufacturers."—*The
Standard*.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'
PATENT "PERFECT CHECK
REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes** of every
description, manufactured expressly for India
and extreme climates.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
May be obtained of every Music Seller.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD
MEDAL PIANOS,**
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
From 81 to 250 Guineas.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'
Pianofortes.**

GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.
** Illustrated Price List and Descriptions
with opinions of the London press and Musical
Profession, forwarded post free upon applica-
tion.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY:

**THE "BRINSMEAD" WORKS, GRAFTON ROAD,
KENTISH TOWN, N.W.**